

PHILADELPHIA EVENING POST

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THE IMAGE BY THE SEA.

FOR THE WEEK-END EVENING POST.
It stood alone by the sea-beach rock,
Where the foam of the dancing waves,
Where the wind-swept sand dunes lay,
And the wild winds heavily raved.
As if the freighted ship from harbor shore,
Bore freight and treasure from far off lands,
And oriental riches and tropic stores.
And the winds swept shoreward from the sea,
Looming the hair, and giving to the gale
The tremor that touched the lifted hand,
As it pointed to the swelling sail.
I saw it then as I see it now,
Where it stood on the rock-bound strand,
As if waiting in storm for the coming
Of sail and friend from a far off land.
When the years had passed with busy tread,
And summer came, and laughing, went away,
And violets bloomed, and snow-drifts hung
Upon the hills through all the winter day,
I saw another vision so like the past,
In outline the same—the same like form
Not now by rock, nor by the ocean shore,
Nay in the gale and midnight storm.
And I knew by the dark brown hair,
And the voice that the gale bore to me,
That the dream and the image of to-day,
Was but returning the dream of the sea.
And I took the sweet dream to my heart,
For it told me, when I met your face,
That the vision should meet me again,
And be over and over with me.
Hamilton, Ohio. EVERETT.

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES," "LITTLE FLANN," &c.
CHAPTER I.
GOING TO TIPPERARY.
"My dear Richard, are you really to go to Ireland?" asked my mother, with some concern, as I flung down the letter I had just received from Col. Fulham.
"Yes, and my destination is—" I hesitated to finish the sentence.
"Is what? Some frightfully savage spot, I suppose."
"One of the Irish cities, formerly a royal seat."
"That does not sound so bad; but what is the name of the place?"
"Cashel," I replied, cautiously.
"Cashel," repeated my mother, musingly, "what part of the country is it in?"
"The south—the province of Munster."
"And the county?"
"It was some minutes before I ventured to answer that last question, but at length I said 'Tipperary,' with as much *any frowd* as possible.
"Tipperary!" exclaimed my mother, opening her eyes. "My dear boy, this is dreadful!"
"Not in the least, mother. I shall quite enjoy being among strange people in a strange land."
"But such a monstrous county—so barbarous!" said my anxious parent. "Had you been ordered to any other place in the world I would not have murmured at the command, but Tipperary is too bad."
As well as I could I endeavored to console my mother under the heavy blow she received in learning that my regiment had been sent to the most lawless part of the fair land of Erin. I had never been in Ireland yet. Familiar as I was with many a foreign country, in all my early love of wandering I had never thought of visiting England's sister isle, and I knew as little about this then new region as I did of Japan. I was just twenty-three, and had been in the army five years—quartered during that period at Malta, Gibraltar, and Canada. Before obtaining my commission I had travelled for a year abroad under the guidance of a tutor, and had visited many a classic land. Latterly I had spent more than two months of leave on the Continent, and on my return to England for a short visit home I received the announcement that my regiment had been sent to Tipperary—head-quarters Templemore, detachment at Cashel, where my company was now stationed. I had only a few days to tatter over my preparations for departure to Ireland, and it was with no small degree of curiosity that I contemplated a sojourn in the heart of a proverbially dangerous local. I got out the map of Ireland, learned the geography of the province of Munster, discovered Cashel almost in the centre of Tipperary, and trusted to the future to enlighten me further. In those days, reader, travelling was not so expeditious and comfortable as now-a-days. Railroads had not penetrated far through Ireland, and many of the principal towns were as inaccessible as they had been fifty years before. Cashel was in this respect better off than many of its neighbors.

and after reaching Dublin, I had the good fortune to be conveyed as far as Maryborough by railway, where I exchanged my comfortable seat in the train for a stout, dirty, shabby coach, that was to penetrate to the remote region of Cork, dropping me on the way at Cashel.
"Will you have room for my luggage on this conveyance?" I demanded, in a tone of authority and doubt, as I looked at the already heavily-laden vehicle that stood awaiting the arrival of passengers from the train.
"What weight of luggage have you?" asked the guard, screwing up his eyes as he gazed at a somewhat inordinate quantity of boxes and packages near me.
"All this," I answered, with military promptness and haughtiness, pointing to my possessions.
"No room for the half of it," coolly observed the fellow, without looking at me.
"And what is to be done?"—here you got no other mode of carrying luggage than that small coach!"
While I was speaking I observed that a travelling chaise had emerged from the train and was now being attached to four well-conditioned horses; while the owner, a good-looking man about six or seven and twenty, of gentlemanly appearance, watched the process of harnessing competently, supporting on his arm a very pretty girl, who I fancied was looking now and then at myself while I strolled about my luggage. One or two glances from her soft blue eyes disarmed my wrath almost instantly; I felt ashamed of having betrayed such violence.
"Sir Denis has engaged nearly all the space room for his luggage, sir," said the coachman; "we'd accommodate you with pleasure, but you can't expect impossibilities; now, there's the lady's maid putting on two more handkerchiefs, and the driver's horse is getting to be impatient; hurry with your things. I'll just step over and ask him."
And before I had time to reply he advanced to the gentleman standing beside the chaise, speaking a few words to him which I did not hear, as he occasionally pointed in my direction.
"Oh! I should regret putting you to inconvenience," said the gentleman, now coming towards me, while he dropped the arm of his fair companion, who stood in the background; "I will take some of our luggage on the carriage if you have no room for yours on the coach."
I bowed, colored profusely, and said a few civil things—thanks and all that.
"You are going to Cork, I presume?" said Sir Denis.
"No; Cashel is my destination."
"Indeed! you belong to the 52nd, then?" observed the gentleman, pleasantly.
"Yes, that is my regiment."
"Is Colonel Fulham at Cashel?"
"No; our headquarters are at Templemore; my company is detached at Cashel."
"Take down the large portmanteau," said Sir Denis, now giving orders for the removal of a part of his ponderous supply of luggage from the coach roof.
"And the largest bandbox, Denis, if you like," I heard a sweet voice say in a low tone; "we can manage with it inside the carriage very well."
A sharp-faced abigail who had all along eyed me with ferocity here interposed about the young lady's part of the luggage, declaring that there would be no room on or in the chaise for more packages than were already stowed in it; but the lady, who I concluded was Sir Denis's wife, held out to support me, and I had the felicity of seeing the most necessary portion of my traps hoisted at length to the roof of the lumbering coach. Somehow I had by this time got into such good humor that I would scarcely have grumbled had I been obliged to mount the coach minus even my dressing-case; and though still under the necessity of leaving behind a considerable portion of my effects, I did not give way to any further outburst of impatience. Sir Denis, whose carriage was still a mystery to me, chatted a little while before his carriage was in readiness, and then left me, murmuring something about hoping to have the pleasure of calling on me at Cashel, which lay within eight miles of his residence.
As soon as I was fairly mounted beside the coachman and had beheld the private travelling chaise of my new friend winding along before the more heavily laden and less aristocratic conveyance on which I was seated, I began of course to question those around me as to whom Sir Denis was, where he lived, and what the amount of his property was.
"He's Sir Denis Barnett, of Knockgriffin House," replied the coachman.
"Is he married?"
"No, sir."
"And who is the lady with him now?" I asked, after a pause.
"His sister, sir. They live together at Knockgriffin."
"Alone?"
"There's only themselves—two in family—now. Old Sir Denis was shot five years ago, and Lady Barnett died shortly after that."
"Was he shot by accident or in a duel?"
"Oh! no. It isn't known who shot him; it was one day he was riding towards Golden, and he was killed on the road."



"That wasn't Sir Denis—that was Mr. Scully, of Ardhan," corrected a passenger sitting near Sir Denis as he was fired at coming home from a ball at Clonsilla.
"Ay, so he was; I confounded the two."
"Wasn't it just before that old Jenny Armstrong was shot in the arm, and had the wonderful escape of his life?"
"I don't recollect; maybe it was; he'll be popped some day outright."
"Oh, no doubt; he can't expect a second escape."
I wondered considerably while listening to this kind of conversation, which was carried on in a sleepy, indifferent manner, as though the speakers were discussing some sport that they had no inclination to take part in, though slightly interested in it.
"Tom Brennan got a notice yesterday, I hear, threatening him with certain death if he'd attempt to ask for the arrears that's due these three years on the Moyglis lands, was the next observation I heard."
"Ay, I always knew the Ryans was plucky," answered somebody, taking a pipe out of his mouth. "It was they put the last agent out of the way undoubtedly."
"Brennan had better leave them alone, that's all."
"You don't seem to think much of human life here," I remarked at length.
"Why, sir?" asked the coachman.
"You don't appear to mind how many people are shot by assassins. I have heard you mention half a dozen murders almost in a breath."
"They weren't what you call murders, captain," said the speaker who seemed to know so much about the particulars of the different threats and assassinations that had come off lately. "They were lives destroyed for revenge—nothing more. We have very few downright regular murders about here."
"And you don't call it murder to shoot a man from behind a hedge while he is passing over a lonely road unsuspectingly?"
"There isn't many a one goes unsuspecting over the roads in Tipperary," said the fellow, with a chuckle. "Every landlord that acts contrary to justice generally knows beforehand what he's to expect; but we don't meddle with the soldier officers, except when they come down for ejectments or the like, and then we fight them openly. We're fond of the regular built military; it's only the peevish we can't bear!"
This was consolatory as far as I was concerned myself, but already I had learned enough to believe fully that the blood-stained reputation of Tipperary was not too well earned. As the day passed I listened to many a thrilling story of assassination and hanging narrated without apology or comment of any sort, and by the time the coach penetrated the boundary of Tipperary felt that report had not belied its character in the least. We drove by Templemore, with

its grim barracks, and advanced in the dusk of evening towards Thurles. It was lovely weather, in the middle of May, and the face of the country, fresh and verdant, was pleasant to the eye. The meadows struck me as being of a peculiarly rich green color; the roads were narrow and winding, flanked on either side by thick hedges, seldom neatly trimmed. At Thurles the coach, on halting, was surrounded immediately by idlers, who made comments freely on the passengers, betraying a certain degree of independence and lawlessness that could not fail to strike a stranger with surprise. The night air growing sharp at this time I buttoned my coat to the chin, and with folded arms awaited the continuance of my journey. Somehow, as the moon came forth shining mildly in the clear sky, I found myself ever and anon thinking of the fair face of Sir Denis Barnett's sister, and she was strangely mixed up in my mind with other feelings as I beheld my first sight of the beautiful ruin of Holycross Abbey, which the coach passed closely, its ivy-covered walls and Gothic windows glancing weirdly in the bright moonlight.
"We haven't far to go now, sir," said the coachman, when the abbey was left behind, and we plunged into more narrow roads with abrupt turnings. "There, you can see already the Rock of Cashel standing right opposite you."
I gazed eagerly in the direction pointed out, and beheld distinctly the outline of the steep eminence crowned by the finest of Ireland's ecclesiastical ruins standing clear and sharp against the moonlit sky. A fine sight it was, that perpendicular rock, with its pile of ancient relics, its dilapidated palace, cathedral and chapel, and well preserved round tower standing so mutely above the surrounding country, telling of kings and priests long gone. Brave old rock! To this day I can recall my first glimpse of you, dear as you have since become to me from memories associated with yourself and your surroundings! No matter what direction we took now, the "rock" always was visible, and I kept my eyes upon it with a sort of fascination that it was impossible to withstand.
Late in the evening we arrived at Cashel, and I took my leave of the Cork Mail, the coachman telling me complacently that he expected to reach his final destination next morning at six o'clock.

CHAPTER II. CASHEL. KNOCKGRIFFIN HOUSE.

Imagine the most wretched of tumble-down barracks, reader, situated in the most wretched part of a wretched country town, and you will form some idea of my quarters in the City of the Kings at this time in company with two or three other victims of military chance and change. The "city," consisting then of about

eight or nine hundred houses three-fourths of which were thatched, had an aspect of age and misery that was incessantly dreary to my English eye. There was one good street, wide and well built, but the lanes and alleys branching from it were terrible to contemplate. The few houses living in the town had clearly broken themselves to the water-logging of Kilmore or Tramore. For some months we had few visitors at the barracks. We heard wonderful stories of former gay times in the neighborhood of our present quarters, but nothing came to give us an idea of Irish hospitality. The pleasant inhabitants of the city, with whom we chatted frequently, was good old Mrs. Conan, who supplied the requisites for our men, and who charged a most exorbitant price for the worst wine that anybody ever drank. She visited all the guests of the country for our benefit as we lounged in dishabille over her counter or round her shop door, told us the names of the people who came into town on market days, and obtained pardon for her depredations on our pockets in consideration of her useful and amusing information. Indeed, I do not know what we should have done only for Mrs. Conan's shop and her pleasant chat. She was a fat, elderly woman, with a red face and a regular eye, full of fun and drollery, yet in spite of her general good nature and cheerfulness we were all a little afraid of her. She had a keen wit and much observation, and her ideas of what a gentleman owed to himself and the world were somewhat exacting, especially with reference to his expenditures. I fear she had a great contempt for poor or economical members of the army. She spoke in terms of strong disapprobation against the miserly propensities of certain regiments, and in glowing language of those corps who had dashed away their money in a becoming manner.
For the first fortnight of my stay at Cashel, I found enough to amuse me to prevent my getting into despond. I had discovered all the different strange regions; I had made myself familiar with the famous rock and its ruined castle, inasmuch that I would have made a much better guide for the visitors coming to see it than the individual who filled the office in those days. Many an evening stroll I have had round this relic of the past, treading upon the soft green grass that grew over innumerable graves, reading the inscriptions on quaint tombstones, or wandering through the ruins of the venerable cathedral, with its nave, transepts and choir, admiring the beautiful decorations of Cormac's chapel; or watching the strange effect of the outward light falling through the apertures at the top of the lofty round tower as I looked upwards through the mysterious pile. Being a pretty good draughtsman I drew sketches of the rock from all points, and as I said before, passed a fortnight of tolerable patience; then I became restless, began to flirt with the niece of the old woman who kept the only cake shop in the city, and was thinking of quarrelling with Mrs. Conan about the poisonous wine she supplied our miserable mess with, when I was restored to reason and good humor by learning that Sir Denis Barnett had left his card for myself and my companions at the barracks. Our detachment at Cashel consisted merely of three officers, your humble servant being chief over a couple of subalterns—Lieutenant Travers and Ensign Fletcher, one of whom was engaged to a girl in England, and considerably occupied in writing and reading love-letters; the other a shy, unfledged boy of seventeen, devoted to study and sober pursuits, with a considerable dread of ladies' society, which was fortunate for him as far as our Cashel sojourn was concerned, for there was at that time scarcely a young lady residing in the ancient city.
About a week after Sir Denis Barnett had called upon us I considered it to be my duty to return his visit, and asked Travers and Fletcher to accompany me in a ride to Knockgriffin, both declined doing so, begging me to leave their cards for the baronet with all due respect. To tell the truth, I was not sorry to take that ride alone; my frame of mind was rather sentimental, and I preferred musing to talking. It was one of the loveliest June days that ever man mounted a horse on, and perhaps the country I passed over was the richest I had ever seen, though from the want of trees losing much of a picturesque effect. Many a time as I rode along I paused on an eminence to look around me, taking note of the wide range of mountains within view, or wondering at the deserted state of the roads I travelled over. Perhaps, reader, I did not regret that I was not a wealthy landowner of the county Tipperary as I slowly rode onwards, free of all anxiety, and by no means in expectation of a shot from behind any hedge, however thick or high. Once or twice I stopped at a cabin by the wayside to ask the direction of Knockgriffin, and was always answered with civility and without exciting curiosity. All along the route I found myself dwelling upon the beauty of the fair girl I had seen with Sir Denis on leaving the train at Maryborough, and by the time I reached the fine old gateway of the place I was bound for I was excited to a pitch of admiration and enthusiasm impossible to describe. My heart beat quick, then slow, as I rode up the broad, well gravelled avenue, bounded on either side by wide sweeps of smoothly shaven lawn, dotted here and there by handsome trees, and flanked in the distance by dark woods, through which the eye could catch

California for Consumptives.

A correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, writing from Sacramento, Cal., gives the following interesting account of the climate of California as it affects the consumptive:

It is now more than a year since I came to California. I have remained a year, I have seen all the seasons, I have experienced the various annual changes of the climate; I have been a close observer of its influence on health, especially of those having lung troubles. Having had experience in each spring, for three or four years, while in Spain, and having seen in California, physically, for my health, I have thought that some of you New Englanders might like to know the results of my observations and experience. I have lived in Sacramento and shall speak principally of the climate as it is here, though there is little difference in this respect between Sacramento and the other towns in any of the great valleys of the state, away from the coast and mountains.

There are remarkable possibilities about the climate in California. There is no place in the world, probably, where it has so much regularity and where the elements of change are so calculable. During the summer, from April to October—early or late—the wind from the north-west to the south-east, blowing steadily against our western coast, and passing on towards Port and Chi—this is the most uniform and strong of the currents which make up the complicated system of trade winds. The great weight of this cold southern air and the heavier pressure of the coast range of mountains make it hug the surface of the ocean, and prevent it from breaking over and spreading through the interior. It is this that keeps the Golden Gate here an opening passage, itself, reminding me of the small oval of two tunnels with the large one in the middle, and the other into the country, opening outward, northward, and southward. Of course, after the inland air is heated and rarified by each day's hot sun, the wind rushes through the throat of the tunnels with great violence, till the return of night brings an equilibrium of temperature, when the wind lulls. San Francisco is situated exactly on one side of the throat of the tunnels, where it is alternately carried by the gale and quiet influence of the early sun, and then rapped by winds from the northern ocean and the embrace of lowlands. This circumstance explains the fact that its climate, during the summer season, is generally regarded as fatal to those with lung disease. In the winter the trade wind does not blow.

But this same wind which breaks through the Gate during the summer, in the great meteorological luxury and salvation of the whole interior of the state. Having passed the throat, it sweeps inward—north, south, east, following up all the streams and valleys, which centre, like the rays of an open fan, in Salinas Bay, the inland extension of the Bay of San Francisco. It soon encounters the influence of the heat of the sun, and is modified. It loses its violence and sharpness, and visits the whole interior—the poorest, baldest, sweetest, most invigorating and welcome breeze imaginable. Here in Sacramento, owing to the situation of the valley, it comes from the south and blows with great regularity for six months of the year, less in the few parts of the day, more towards night, but more or less nearly all the time. It is generally blowing from that quarter when you go to bed and when you get up. Hence you know which the dusty side of the street will be, and where to build your house, plant your vines, and hang your clothes' line, to keep them from the dust.

Occasionally, however, a north wind blows,—from what cause, or what original source, no man knows. It is a mystery, and a sorrow, to man, beast, and tree. When it begins, it rarely continues more than three days, and it comes perhaps once in a month,—hot, dry, debilitating, blasting.

Besides these features, of uniformity and regularity in the climate, there is no rain to look out for during the long summer, no dew, no electrical disturbances, no lightning or thunder, and few clouds.

In the winter, the weather cannot be calculated on with much nicety and certainty. But even then it seldom rains, unless the wind has come for some hours from the south-east.

The daily changes of temperature, during the dry season, may also be anticipated with exactness. During the afternoon and evening the southern or sea breeze sweeps the land with invigorating vigor, and after the sun sets, the thermometer indicates that the heat is becoming slowly less, less, less, till one needs a heavy coat when out doors, and two blankets to sleep under during the night. In the morning the sun shines out bright, but cool, and smiles coldly on a cool landscape. You doubt whether there is any great heat in it, or can be to-day; but as the day advances, the sun goes up, up, up, hot, hot, hotter, till the heat as heat—not by its debilitating, feverish or nervous effects—produces an unpleasant sensation, just as you dislike to hold your fingers on a hot tea-pot. This mid-day heat, however, has a peculiarity. It is singularly limited, the direct or reflected rays of the sun—is not diffused through the whole atmosphere. Hence, if you step under a tree, or into a room not close to the roof, you are cool enough. The contrast is amazing. Every twenty-four hours at least, therefore, a great heat changes almost imperceptibly into a great heat, delicious coolness, and the coolness into a great heat. The ordinary range is from 65 degrees to 85 degrees, though there are days in Sacramento when the thermometer reaches as high as 90 degrees in the shade, and other days, or nights rather, of midsummer, when it falls as low as 56 degrees. But these changes are so regular that you know just how to provide for them. You know at what hour you will need your thick pilot-coat coat, and at what minute you can trust to a linen duster. You may wind up your habits like an eight days' clock, and know that they will come round, each in its place at the right time.

The dust and heat are the great obstacles to outdoor exercise in the summer; but these may be overcome. You can reduce them to a minimum by a precise calculation.

For example, I rise at five o'clock in the morning; walk half a mile, taking in my hand, and eating by the way, some lumps of crushed sugar, on general sanitary principles; mount a horse; ride four miles to the East, on an unused road, which cuts the wind at right angles; then turn back, with the wind at the same angle on the other side of my face; and eat my steak or chop at seven o'clock with a will. And this is repeated, morning after morning, with the same sun, the same breeze at the same angle, for six weeks now. In this way I have a cool sun, not

a particle of dust, and air oxygenated, genial, exhilarating, inspiring, and pure enough to gladden a deity. During the heat of the day I keep within doors, for the most part, but I am never too warm in my study, on the lower floor of my house. We have no nearly, however, if ever, with the furnace, steam, and convenient electric, making a hot day in a humid climate as trying as the cold of New York or Portland.

There is, therefore, this need for a good climate for consumptives. Yet persons the best of lung disease in numbers—more, perhaps, than of any other disorder. Of the 200 deaths in Sacramento in 1902, 101 died of disease seated in the respiratory system. It may be the inhalation of dust; or something in the protected spaces of the atmosphere; or the great currents between sun and shade; or the great changes from the dry to the wet season; or the common habits people form in relation to guarding against changes of temperature, when the changes are not painful or uncomfortable; or the undermining effects of colds and fevers, of which there are more or less in all these valleys, away from the coast; or the prevalent use of intoxicating liquors, much of which is poisoned beyond the natural poison—from some cause mentioned who had the germs of the disease coming more common, and others have the disease originate here.

Still, I think this climate is, on the whole, a good one. I have met with a large number of persons who have told me that they had the consumptive, or tuberculosis, and all the hall-marks of lung disease, in the East, but who now have good health, and regard their lungs as sound. My own health, after the first two months, has improved.

But one who thinks of coming out here for his health needs to bear several things in mind. The first is the danger and the shock of the removal. The hard voyage; the change of living and habits; the hurried transition through widely different climates and seasons, just rapid enough to give the system the greatest shock without allowing it time to become accustomed to them; and the different conditions here, cause some persons out of ten to experience some sickness after arriving. To the invalid the effect is especially unfavorable. It requires great physical stamina to bear transplantation. The constitution must make new adjustments, with slow and uncertain benefits. It is always an experiment and a risk, with pretty certain injury at first.

Again, this region, as I have said, is more or less subject to chills and fevers—fevers much less than most other valleys, save farther away from the sea breeze. It is a great disease in New England, that this disease and consumption are not likely to afflict the same person. Nothing is more common, where this disease has broken down the constitution, than for consumption to set in and complete the work; and rarely is one sick with consumption here, whose chills and fever do not in some stage help forward to the grave. Let one indulge in no hope for his lungs from the fact that he can here occasionally get a breath of balsam!

Again, an arriving one should beware of another state of mind, still going the rounds, here and in the East both. It is, that there is no danger of taking cold in the night air of California. He may realize the one that one never takes cold at sea. The belief of this lie and had whiskey have sent thousands of young men to premature graves in California. A friend who repeated it to me, and who told me he was in the habit after a hot day, of going out and lying on the porch and sleeping. I noticed during the conversation spitting blood and giving other indications of some chronic trouble with the throat or lungs! The night air is indeed delicious, but insidious and treacherous. You had better put on a thick coat and hat, before you take any whiff of it.

Again, don't think you will want only thin summer clothing in July and August. You will need thick Shaker-dresses even in the hottest weather, to break the severity of the transitions from out-doors to in-doors in the daytime, and to keep you comfortable in the open air at night; and they will not fret or irritate you, either.

The seeker of health needs to retain all his old caution, and take some extra precautions, on coming to this climate. There is no panacea in California air. It is not a specific for lung troubles. Besides, he has on his hands the danger and burden of acclimation; and this is no superficial derangement, but involves a thorough constitutional readjustment of the system. If he comes thinking all will be well now that he has got to California, and straightway does as most Californians do, and becomes careless about the conditions of health, he will be likely to find as early a grave, to say the least, as if he had stayed at home. But if he has a cheerful trust in God, not in the climate, practices all his old vigilance, and adds new to it, adapted to the changed circumstances, and observes the laws and conditions of recovery, he may, in the end, with the blessing of God, be benefited. But there is no charm or magic here for the recovery of health. One is thrown here, as elsewhere, upon the slow and inexorable conditions. With the observance of these, however, I know of no better climate, on the whole, for one predisposed to consumption, or in the early stages of it. If the disease is seated or much advanced, it is probable that the severity of the transition and the difficulty of acclimation would more than counteract the possible advantage from the increased salubrity of the air and regularity of climate. I. E. D.

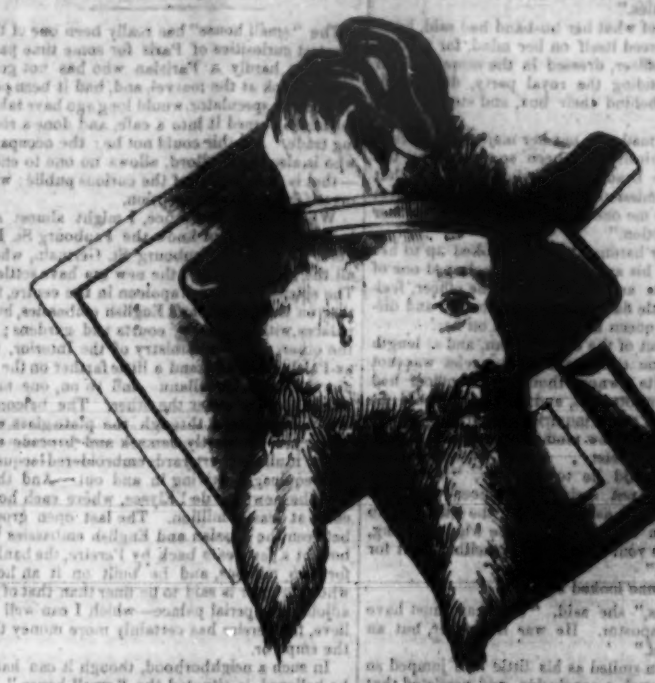
The ladies are now adopting a new fashion for buttons. Buttons on ladies have lately increased by degrees from the size of a pea to the dimensions of a four pound dumb bell and the area of a soup plate, now they are to be square. Yes, square. Next month they will be triangular, and in the spring they will exhibit the shape of a rhomboid.

GREAT WINE YEAR IN FRANCE.—Foreign papers say that nothing can be more magnificent than the vintage this year in all parts of France. In the wine districts there is a superabundance of grapes. The proprietors of vineyards are actually puzzled to know what to do, their usual supply of casks having long been filled.

A new song, by Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, the Laureate's wife, entitled "The Alma River," has recently been published in London. It has been set to music by the same lady.

An improved style of having hair has been introduced into Harvard College within a few weeks. It consists in the presentation of money and other articles to those worthy members who are in straitened circumstances. One student had his room entered during his absence, a new carpet put down, and coal and furniture provided. Not a student has yet been expelled for the outrage.

THE MON. WINDY AFFAIR—AS SEEN BY HIMSELF.



THE MON. WINDY AFFAIR—AS SEEN BY HIMSELF.

How Land Oil is Made.

The following process is given in the *Scientific American*, as the mode of making land oil in England:

Woolen bags, once drained and once washed for the purpose, are filled with the crude land taken from the derrick. A series of these bags are placed between the plates of immense hydraulic presses, where they remain about eighteen hours, under pressure of from 100 to 150 tons. By this means the land oil is expressed in no pure state that if a drop be taken on the tip of the finger, and held up to the light, it glimmers like a diamond. The oil as it is pressed out is caught in a reservoir below, and from this it drains through a pipe into an immense cistern beneath the floor. Having once strained this interesting fact, the desire to "pass on" becomes stronger and stronger as the thoughts of the possibility of dropping through the rickety boards into the oily lake become more prominent in our mental vision. We wait, however, while a small phial is filled with a sample of the oil, which our guide considers it incumbent upon us to taste, in order to realize fully its good qualities as a lubricating agent. We next inspect the contents of one of the bags which has already undergone the necessary pressure, and find that it has not only assumed a more solid form, but has improved in color. Mr. Phillips having cut from the cake of compressed land a square piece to carry with him for the purpose of comparison, we again join him in the enjoyment of another little relief, and proceed on our way, marshalled by our guide, who carries like a trophy on the point of a stout jack-knife the money specimen.

Before finally quitting this department we are desirous of ascertaining what becomes of the oil which we have already seen dripping into the underground reservoir. A force pump raises it into pipes, through which it is conducted into a refining tank, and thence into a series of immense iron cylinders enclosed in a dark cavernous chamber, heated with steam flues, and kept, winter and summer, day and night, at an even temperature. One of these tanks holds twelve tons of oil, and the others about five tons each. The contents after remaining under the influence of the regulated temperature, without being disturbed, for a certain time, are freed from any impurities that may remain before being sent on to the market.

HOW THE Cakes ARE REDUCED TO LARD.

When all the oil that it is possible to extract from the lard has been expressed, the remaining cakes are taken from the woolen cloths and thrown into a cistern, where they are liquified at a temperature of 150 degrees, and transferred from this by means of pipes to the room which we shall now describe. In the centre is a range of immense pans, each heated by a steam chamber, reaching about half way up the outside. Over each pan is a tap, from which supplies of the liquid lard are drawn. The pans thus filled, and the necessary clarifying agents added, all is simmered together, for six hours, at a heat of 210 degrees. The impurities, with the clarifying agents, come to the surface in the form of a rough brown mass; and if good readers, you were to mount the brick wall and look into one of the coppers, under the idea that you might see lard, you would be disappointed, unless, as in the case with us, some kind friend with long stick were to probe the mass and extract a specimen from beneath. This, however, is not the usual means taken to release the pure material from the dross—it is drawn off in large tin vessels, by means of taps placed near the bottom of each boiler.

HOW THE LARD IS SOLIDIFIED.

Two large coppers, built on the floor at either end of the room, are filled with the liquid as we have just seen it. An air-pipe, two inches in diameter, enters the mass right in the centre, and keeps the lard in a state of incessant agitation until it begins to congeal, the process generally occupying about two hours. The air, passing through every particle of the mass, renders it impalpably smooth and increases its whiteness. While still in a semi-liquid state, the copper is surrounded by men and boys. One lad hands up the bladder ready for filling; the stem of a funnel is inserted in the neck of the same; and before you can say "presto," it assumes that rotundity and snowy baldness so familiar to all. The bladder is tied while floating in a tub of lukewarm water, and then popped, with extraordinary agility, by another boy into a vessel containing cold water, where a short time suffices to harden it. All around this apartment are ranged wide shelves groaning under the weight of the plump, chaste, though irregular-shaped balls. An immense stack of neat little kegs of the usual size, filled and fastened down ready for transmission to our retail provision stores, occupy one side of the apartment, and beside them a range of tin all filled in the same manner, but uncovered.

The French Princess.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Court Journal* gives the following romantic history:

"The little young Princess of ——— was presented to the Emperor and Empress at St. Germain a few days ago, and the most interesting and happy party was given by her story. The lady is well known all over Germany; her princely domain is visited every year by crowds of strangers. The beautiful portrait of Cornelius in one of the albums is examined with much interest, and every one departs little dreaming that the large and soft blue eyes seeming to look from the picture so full of sweetness and benevolence, have in life no power to return the glances of sympathy and kindness directed towards them. The story of the Princess is perhaps the most touching romance of the nineteenth century. As a child she had been stolen from the gardens of the very chateau—now inhabited. A careless nurse, bent on her own enjoyment, had suffered her master's child to stray towards the river, and when, in answer to the frantic appeals and the search made in every direction, no signs of the infant's presence could be discovered, it was concluded that she had fallen into the river, and got drowned. The despair of the mother was beyond all description; but the idea of the child's death, accepted by all beside, was rejected entirely by her. The river had been dragged, no trace of the corpse had been found, and so after a few years' time, when the death of the Princess's husband had released her from the obligation to remain in the chateau, she gave up the domain into the hands of her brother-in-law, and set out upon a strange pilgrimage all over the Continent, fully convinced that she would find one day or other the object of her search. The sum of money spent in the pursuit, the time, the toil, the anxiety absorbed upon every high road, need not be described. During the embassy of Prince Talleyrand she came to London, and was received by Queen Adelaide with the utmost kindness and sympathy. Soon afterward she went once more to the south, still bent on finding her lost child. One day, the carriage climbing slowly up one of the steep hills in the neighborhood of Lausanne, she was accosted by a beggarwoman, holding by her hand a poor blind girl, for whom she was imploring alms. The girl looked gentle and sweet-tempered, resembling in no way the harsh wretch whom she called mother. The inmate of the carriage had fallen into a dose, and the woman bade the girl sing to arouse the lady. The song was a vulgar ditty belonging to the district, with no romance to insure attention, and yet it woke the lady from her trance; something in the voice reminded her of a sister lost many years before, and she stopped the postillions while she questioned the girl as to her origin. The day and hour had come at last; every word uttered by the maiden confirmed the suspicion of identity. Memory was confused—it had vanished with her sight—but by dint of threats and promises the woman was made to confess that she had purchased the girl when quite an infant from a beggarwoman like herself, who owned to having deprived her of sight in order to excite compassion. The locality whence the child had been taken was proof sufficient of the truth. The Princess returned home with her poor blind companion, and devoted her whole life to the prospect of cure as she had done before to that of discovery. But all attempts failed, and the mother then gave herself up entirely to the education of her helpless charge. In this she succeeded perfectly; and the Princess is considered one of the most accomplished recluses of Ulm and Schiller in all Germany. Before dying, the fond mother resented her reward in the marriage of her daughter with the young Prince, her nephew, and this consolation is the greatest that could be felt by her friends. The young Princess recited with the most exquisite clearness and pathos two sonnets from Count d'Emmont and 'The Diver,' on her visit to the Empress, while the imperial lady listened entranced, the large tears rolling down her cheeks, as she gazed on the wreck which the wickedness and cupidity of man had made of one of the most beautiful works of God's own creation."

An engineer on the Northwestern Railroad, near Chicago, last week, saw an infant crawling in the grass toward the track. He reversed the engine, and, at the risk of his life, saved the child before it was cut to pieces. The mother, paralyzed with terror, viewed the scene without being able to move a step to save her infant.

Little Nannie is a close student of the Bible, but not very clear as to some points. "Ma," said she, one Sunday evening, after having sat a good while all day in the house, "have I honored you to-day?" "I do not know, Nannie; why do you ask?" said her mother. "Because," said little Nan, shaking her curls sadly, "the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long'; and this has been, oh, the longest day I ever saw."

A surgeon, accompanying a regiment, had his tent appropriated by the colonel, and he complained to the general, and wound up by saying that "he had not so much as a fly to interpose between his head and the stary-decked heavens above him!" He received his reply back, endorsed: "The colonel must cause a fly to be interposed between the doctor's head and the stary-decked-heavens above him."

The fever of speculation in Boston is at its height. The mining stocks now in the market represent no less than two hundred and forty-eight enterprises, embracing copper, gold, coal, iron, lead, plumbago, antimony, &c.

As an exemplification, writes Mr. Conway to The Commonwealth, "of the ignorance with regard to Americans which one sometimes finds, even in the best society in England, let me mention that Professor Rogers, of Boston, was the other day asked by a lady, at a dinner party (where I was present), whether the English language was to any great extent spoken in the United States!"

CRITICISM OF SHAKESPEARE BY A SAILOR.—President Felton in his "Familiar Letters from Europe," recently published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, relates the following incident that occurred on the good ship Daniel Webster in which he was a passenger in 1853: "Last night I read some passages from the Midsummer Night's Dream to the captain. When I came to the description of the mermaid riding upon the dolphin's back, he pronounced it a humbug. The dolphin's back is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled him."

At Birdisle, England, recently, a boy was sentenced to six months hard labor in jail, for taking six walnuts from a tree which did not belong to him. And yet the English pretend to be a civilized people.

A good story is going the rounds of the London painting-rooms. It is to the effect that two persons were seen looking at Sir Edwin Landseer's noble picture of the bears in the Arctic regions growling over the broken mast, when one of the gazers was heard to say to the other: "Look, Jim, they've torn down the North Pole!" A friend tells me as a companion to this, that on Whit Monday he saw several people in the Pantheon surrounding Hayden's picture of "Curtius Leaping into the Gulf," under the full impression that the hero was Garibaldi, while another friend relates that during the Exhibition he saw a party of "swells" halt before Delacroix's "Fleeing Martyr," when the foremost of them, a lady, said: "Here it is again! Oh, dear, how sick I am of this Colleen Bawn!"

LATEST NEWS.

Army of the Potomac advised say that on Wednesday evening a force of rebels were discovered manning in front of Fort Sumner. The fort opened fire, driving the enemy back. A brisk artillery duel then ensued for a short time. The picture in front of the Second Corps were engaged pretty lively during Thursday night. Atlanta was attacked twice, then by the rebels on Wednesday morning last. Shots were thrown in as far as the rolling mill. The rebels got within one hundred yards of our works, but were finally driven off and retreated towards Macon.

General Sherman's movements are still in doubt. A Nashville correspondent of the *Commercial Appeal* denies that Atlanta has been evacuated, and the *Chicago Tribune* publishes a dispatch stating that General Sherman had written to the western Secretary of War, that he might possibly visit Annapolis, Georgia, in person, to deliver the report on the campaign.

Shanghai's main army is in the neighborhood of Wuchow. The army is at New Market. There have been no active movements recently. The partition of the empire of Peking, N. C., by our fleet have been received. Some forty prisoners, very much of heavy and (and) pieces of light artillery, and a large quantity of small arms, are among the trophies.

The steamer *Nova Scotia*, from Liverpool, on the 24 inst., passed Cape Horn on Wednesday. The steamer *Jura*, from Genoa, ran ashore in the mouth of the Mersey, on the 1st, and became a wreck. The mails, passengers and crew were saved.

In England the Bible is now supplied for twelve cents, the New Testament for five cents, the Gospels for two cents each.

An engine made by James Watt is in operation at the *Electric Works*, England, and does its work as well as when first made. It is a condensing engine of forty-horse power, and its great curiosity consists in its being worked by the "sun and planet" motion, instead of the "crank." It is the only engine of the kind in existence.

The Indians call the telegraph the whispering spirit.

Some weeks ago a worthy family in Detroit received additions to their household circle in the shape of twins, both boys. A day or two ago the youngsters were baptized, and received their respective names, George Henry and James William. In order to tell one from the other, both being dressed precisely alike, a blue ribbon was tied around the arm of the former, but a stupid servant-girl, after the fond parents had returned home, removed the mark, and now they are unable to tell "which from which."

A boy thirteen years old died in Chichester, N. H., recently, who weighed 285 pounds. It took 115 feet of boards to make his coffin. It was so large that it could not be taken into the house. The corpse was bound upon timber and carried to the coffin outside the house.

M. Rabiant, of the French Institute, has discovered the means of cooking without fire. He has just laid before the Academy the result of his experiments. His recipe is:—Place your food in a black pot, covered with sundry panes of glass, and stand it in the sun. The water soon boils, and the food is said to be of better flavor than if cooked in the ordinary way.

The *London Journal* says that when the guerillas made an attack on the train on the Lexington railroad, on Tuesday, on which Hon. Montgomery Blair was a passenger, that gentleman took a child from its mother's arms, stepped from the cars with the bright cherub pressed to his bosom, claimed to be the father of the rosy-cheeked darling, was very tender and solicitous in regard to its welfare, and played his part so well that the guerillas passed him by—the ex-member of the Cabinet thus escaping capture.

J. W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, still lives at Coloma, a poor but respectable citizen.

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BY AUGUST BELL.

IV.
Was that life wasted? Faith says, no!
Though no one hands his story;
His dreams all failed, his willing hands
Went him no crown of glory.
Not toils, and tears, and lack of love,
Burned meekly to Christ's feet,
Will change to harvestings of bliss,
No dreamer dreams how sweet!
—Clark's School Visitation

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the harem also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Harunide de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

The inspector smiled incredulously as he said, "Does madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out, or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The dignified officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villains! Mate—I am afraid madame will never see either of her sweeties again after this."

light in twenty minutes, and, what was the chief thing, was a personal friend of the Mameleika emperor. I asked him to take me to the place, as one who remembered that Napoleon had really lived in the small house which the Emperor gave him. "Quite right," the old man answered, "we lived there together, and he died there, too. Everything is the same up-stairs as used to be." The prince president had already got out of the carriage and prepared to enter the house; his officers followed him. Up-stairs, in a room which was, in fact, Napoleon's former apartment, is a sort of museum. On the walls are the various uniforms and arms of the Mameleika, and numerous other trifles from the campaign, among them the flask from which General Bonaparte drank in Egypt. In the bureau is a species of altar, with the Emperor's bust; on a small velvet cushion the cross of the Legion, decorated to a dark red ribbon. Everything is in a room which is a field-bed, with a table and chair; on the wall an old Russian uniform from

two heads like himself. After his demise the double-headed son claimed two portions of the father's property, as he claimed to be a double person. The cause was brought before King Solomon, who after prayer, resorted to this excellent. He suddenly poured hot water on one head, and both heads feeling the pain simultaneously, both mouths cried aloud. Solomon then decided that both heads belonged to one person only. — *The Herald.*

water casket, a little line is generally put in with the corpse. In this way it is possible to keep the corpse in the house for years, without any unpleasant consequences. The practice, indeed, is not uncommon. Some have not the means at hand for burying in such style as they would wish. They must wait for better days. Some do not find a place to suit them. Now it sometimes happens that on entering a Chinese gentleman's house, a coffin is one of the most prominent objects seen among the articles of furniture.

62 The Chinese language has no regular grammar. The tone of the voice indicates the verb half the time, it is said.

A SINGING NEED.

My soul is dull—through all this day,
The dreary life will not be stirred;
I'll go a street's length from my way,
To hear the singing of a bird.

A little bird, in wire-bound cage,
Sings o'er the dusty path,
That never finds peace's brightest page,
The power, methinks, to cheer me late.

I've heard it many times ere now,
When pressed by life's dull weariness;
And through my soul has passed a glow
I could but feel, not all express.

Ah, there it is! "I told you and did,
What wondrous charm is in that voice!
It wakes the dormant life within,
And in its joy does it rejoice.

Still clearer, brighter, every note
Comes sparkling out in silver showers;
Ah! now my soul is all afloat,
In dreams of fields and dew-drops flowers.

The little bird sings and cleaves the air,
With clear and low, now-morn song;
I hear the sweetest dabbler sing,
Above the cool white poplars play.

It pours out a sweet melody,
Clear soft and low, a soothing hymn;
I thrill with joy through every vein,
I drink repose in woodland dream.

I wake refreshed—where is the cloud
That dimmed my life a while ago?
Yet I am still among the crowd,
That tell-worn passes to and fro.

Who would not, on a summer's day,
When life may thus be sweetly stirred,
A street's length wander from his way,
To hear the singing of a bird?

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

Author of "Vernon's Pride," "The Shadow of Ash-lydell," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1904, by Henry Wood, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

PART LIII.

THE GALLANT CAPTAIN HOME AGAIN.

Captain Darnall and his wife had been expected in England in December—as you have heard; but the time went on, and February was at its close before they arrived. They had been compelled to land at the Cape in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Darnall, and had to remain there some time. She had come into a very large fortune on the death of her father; a considerable portion of it was settled upon her, and the rest, a sum of £10,000, was left to her husband. So Captain Darnall was a man of some means at his own time in this world of change.

Gay, handsome, free, sunny, it might have been thought that not an hour's care had ever been upon him. No allusion to a certain dark episode of the past occupied his lips when he and his sister met: there were no signs that he so much as remembered such a trouble had ever been. They were the present guests of Lady Reid, and would remain so for a short time. It was Captain Darnall's intention to take a furnished house for a term. His leave of absence was for two years; but they did not care to be stationary in London the whole of the period. Sara was charmed with his wife; a gentle, yielding, pretty thing, looking so young as to be a girl still, and dividing her love between her husband and infant son, a fine young gentleman born at the Cape. A dread fear assailed Sara Darnall's heart as she looked upon her; for that curious matter, touching the young woman who claimed to be connected with Captain Darnall, had never been cleared up. Not since the previous December had Sara once observed her approach the house; but she had twice seen her in conversation with Neal at the end of the street, the last time being the very day of the arrival of Captain Darnall. It was altogether strange in Sara's opinion: if the young woman fancied she really had a legal claim of the nature she mentioned on Captain Darnall, why had she not asserted it openly? If she had no such claim, if she were an impostor, for what purpose had she put the claim forth? There had been no demand for money; no attempt at extortion. However it might be, Sara's duty was plain, now Captain Darnall had arrived, to acquaint him with the circumstances.

"I have some papers to give you," Sara whispered to her brother at Lady Reid's, the night of his arrival there.

"Papers? Oh! yes, I suppose so. I shall be with you to-morrow."

So he had not quite forgotten the affair. On the conclusion of the matter with Mr. Alfred King, Sara had sealed up certain papers and receipts, according to the written directions of Dr. Darnall; and these she waited to put into her brother's hand.

Mrs. Cray was with them still. She had taken to her bed-room entirely now, and was gradually dying. Mark was with her. His difficulty with the Great Wheel Bank's shareholders, and particularly with that one cautious shareholder who had saluted Mark so unpolitely on his landing from Harro, was virtually over: Mark enjoyed liberty of person again, and things were in process of adjustment. Miss Darnall so far overcame her repugnance to Mark as to allow him to be in her house, but it was only in consideration of Caroline's dying state. They could do nothing for her. They painted her clothes with iodine as she lay on the sofa day after day before the chamber fire; it was the only thing that brought any alleviation to the pain.

It happened that Captain Darnall's first visit to the house was paid at an opportune moment, in-so far as that his interview with his sister was free from fear of interruption. Miss Darnall had gone to Lady Reid's, to see and welcome the travellers, Neal in attendance upon her; and Caroline was asleep. Mark Cray was in the city; he had to go there frequently, in connection with the winding up of the company and the concerns of the Great Wheel Bank.

Captain Darnall came in, all joyous carelessness, telling Darnall, who admitted him, that she looked younger and handsomer than ever; and poor Darnall—who was not young at all, and had never been handsome in her life—felt set up in vanity for a month to come. Rose was in the drawing-room. It was the first time of their being alone, and Captain Darnall held her before him and counted her face.

"What has made you get so thin?"

"Am I thin?" she returned.

"Dreadfully so. I have been telling Darnall that she's handsome that ever, but I can't say the same of you. What is the matter, Sara?"

"I think people do get thin in London," she replied with some grace. "But let me be rid of my change, Edward."

She went to her bed-room and brought down Dr. Darnall's dress. To Edward's surprise, he saw that it was better suited with a broad lace and collar. When Sara had placed the paper in the desk, received from Mr. Alfred King, she had immediately sealed up the desk in this manner: a precaution against its being opened.

"What's that for?" exclaimed Captain Darnall, in his quick way, so he recognized the desk and to whom it had belonged. "Did my father leave it so?"

Sara replied by telling him her suspicion of the desk's having been opened; and that she had deemed it well to secure it against any future intrusions when once these papers were inclosed in it.

"But who would touch the desk?" he asked.

"For what purpose? Was young Dick at home at the time?"

"Dick was not at home. But Dick would not touch a desk. I could not answer for Dick where a man's cupboard is concerned; but in anything of consequence Dick's as honest as the day."

"I suspected Neal, Edward."

"I did. I feel half ashamed to say so. Do you remember telling me that paper had a complexion, or doubt, whether Neal had not visited some of his letters?"

"I remember it. I thought my father was wrong. Neal! Why, Sara, I'd as soon suspect myself!"

"Well, I can only tell you the truth—that when I found cause to fear this desk had been surreptitiously opened, my doubts turned to Neal. You see, we have no one about us but him and Darnall; and Darnall I am certain is trustworthy. But I admit that it was in consequence of what you told me that I cast my doubts on Neal. However it may have been, I deemed it well to secure the desk afterwards."

She had been opening the desk as she spoke, and she took from it a sealed packet and handed it to Captain Darnall. He opened it at once, and glanced over its contents, two or three papers, one by one, slightly drawing in his lips.

"What a shame!" he burst forth.

"She did not like to ask questions. She only looked at him."

"But they should have told my father in this manner. Secondly, I was away, therefore the game was in their own hands. Did you read these papers, Sara?"

"I was obliged to read them; to see that they tallied with copies that papa left. He left written instructions that I should do so."

"To whom was this money paid?"

"To Mr. Alfred King. Don't you see the receipts?"

"I'd walk ten miles before breakfast any morning to see the fellow hump. It's what he'll come to."

"He told me that he and you had once been friends," she said in a half whisper.

"And so we were. I believed in the fellow; I had no suspicion that he was a villain, and I let him draw me into things from which I could not extricate myself. I was a fool; and I had to pay for it."

In Sara's inmost heart there arose unbidden a rebellious thought: that others had had to pay for it; not Captain Darnall.

"Did it affect my father's health, this business?" he inquired, in a low tone.

"I fear it did," she replied, feeling that she could not avoid the confession. "I am sure it affected him mentally. There was a great change in him from that night."

Captain Darnall folded the papers slowly and pushed them into his waistcoat pocket, in his usual careless fashion.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered; "and what a rogue was that other!"

"Are they safe there, Edward?"

"Safe enough until I get home. They will be burnt, then, except this final receipt. Oh, if my father had but lived! I could at least have repaid him his pecuniary loss. It took all he left behind him I suppose to satisfy it?"

"Yes: all."

"He told me he feared it would, or nearly all, in the letter he wrote me when he was dying. Did things realize well?"

"No, very badly. There was not enough to satisfy the claim by two hundred pounds. Finally, Aunt Bettina advanced that."

"Does she know of this?" he exclaimed, in a startled tone.

"No, I kept it from her. It was difficult to do, but I contrived it."

"You were a brave girl, my sister! I don't know who would have acted as you have! I tell this trouble upon you, and never to worry me with it in your letter!—never to ask me for money to help in the need!"

"I thought you had none to give," she simply said.

"True enough: I had none. But most sisters would have asked for it. I shall repay at once Aunt Bettina; I shall repay, more gradually, to you the half of what my father possessed before this trouble was brought by me upon him. What do you say?—my wife's money? Tush, child! do you know the amount of the fortune we have come into? Compared to that, it will be but a drop of water in the ocean. If I did not repay it to you, she would."

Sara looked up.

"My wife knows all. I told her every word."

"Oh, Edward. Before your marriage?"

"Not before. I suppose I ought to have done so, but it would have taken a greater amount of moral courage than I possessed. I couldn't risk the losing her. I told her partially a short time after our marriage: the full particulars I did not give her until last night."

"Last night. Sara was surprised."

"She fell in love with you yesterday, Sara, and I thought it well to let her know what you really were—how true you had been to me."

Sara was silent. It was in her nature to be true; and as she believed, it was in her nature to be able to suffer.

"There were times when I felt tempted to wish I had stayed at home and battled with it," resumed Captain Darnall, after a pause. "But in that case the scandal would probably have gone forth to the world. As it was, no living being knew of it, save you and my father."

"And Mr. Alfred King," she said. Another name also occurred to her, but she did not mention it—that of Oswald Cray.

"Alfred King? Now, my dear, I don't care to enter into particulars with you, but he was with me in the most; more morally guilty, though less legally so, than I was. He has never told it, I can answer for his own sake."

"He always spoke to me of being only a sort of agent in the affair," she said. "He intimated that the money was due to other parties."

"Was due from him, then. But he is over and done with; let it drop. And now, Sara, you must allow me to ask you a personal question: are you still engaged to Oswald Cray?"

The demand was so unexpected, the subject so painful, that Sara felt the life-blood leave her heart for her face.

"I am not engaged to Oswald Cray," she said in a low tone. "I cannot say that I ever was engaged to him."

"A pause."

"But—surely there was some attachment."

"A little: in the old days. It is very long ago, now. How did you know of it?"

"Oswald Cray himself told me. It was the evening we went up to town together after Caroline's wedding. He knew I was going up immediately with the regiment, and he gave me a hint of how it was between you. Only a hint; nothing more. I suppose—I suppose—more slowly added Captain Darnall, "that this miserable business of mine broke it off. I conclude when Oswald found, at my father's death, that you had no money, he desisted the compact. It's the way of the world."

"Yes, yes. I do not think money, or the want of it, would have been the cause, on Oswald Cray's side. He certainly had not. We had parted before papa died."

"What then was the cause, Sara?"

"Should he tell him?—that it was his, Edward's, conduct broke it off? Better not, perhaps; it could do no earthly good, and would only be adding pain to pain."

"It is a thing of the past now, Edward; let it remain so. The cause that parted us was one that could not be got over. We are friends still, though we do not often meet. More than that we can never be."

Captain Darnall was sorry to hear it. Thoughtful and imprudent as he was by nature himself, he could not but be aware of the value of Oswald Cray. Such a man would make the happiness—and guard it—of any woman.

"I think I had better mention one fact to you, Edward," she resumed, after some moments given to the matter in her own mind. "You have been assuming that so one was cognizant of that business of yours except papa, myself, and Mr. Alfred King; but—"

"No other living soul was cognizant of it," interrupted Captain Darnall. "My father's promptitude stopped it."

"Oswald Cray knew of it."

"Impossible," he said, recovering from a pause of surprise.

"He did indeed. I am not sure that he knew the exact particulars, but he knew a very great deal. I believe—I fancy—that he had gathered even a worse impression of it than the case actually warranted."

Captain Darnall was incredulous. "From whom did he learn it?"

"I cannot say. I have always feared that it must have been known to others."

"I tell you, Sara, that beyond you and my father, and King, nobody in the world knew of it. You are under some mistake. Oswald Cray could not have known of it."

"Nay, then, Edward, as it has come so far, I will tell you the truth. Oswald Cray did know of it, and it was that and nothing else that caused us to part. He—he—thought, after that, that I was no fit wife for him," she added in a low tone of pain. "And in truth I was not."

A pause of distress. "Unfit as my sister?"

"Yes. I suppose he feared that the crime might at any time be disclosed to the world."

"But how could he have known it?" rejoined Captain Darnall, the one surprise overwhelming every other emotion in his mind.

"King / know would not tell; for his own sake he dared not. He sacrificed himself to retain it a secret."

"That Oswald Cray knew of it, I can assure you," she repeated. "He must have known of it, as soon—or almost as soon—as we did. From that night that you came down to Hallingham in secret his behaviour changed; and a little later, when a sort of explanation took place between us, he spoke to me of what had come to his knowledge. I know no more."

"Well, it is beyond my comprehension," said Captain Darnall; "it passes belief. Good Heaven, if Oswald Cray knew it, where's my security that others do not? I must look into this."

He was about to go off in impulsive haste, probably to seek Oswald Cray, but Sara detained him. The uncertain doubt, the dread lying most heavy on her heart was not spoken yet.

"Don't go, Edward. You will regard me as a bird of ill-omen, I fear, but I have something to say to you, on a subject as unpleasant as this, though of a totally different nature."

"No crime, I hope," he remarked in a joking tone, as he repeated himself. It was utterly impossible for Edward Darnall to remain sober and serious long.

"It would be a crime—if it were true."

"Well, say on, Sara; I am all attention. I have been guilty of a thousand and one acts of folly in my life; never but of one crime. And that I was drawn into."

Captain Darnall did right to bid her "say on," for she seemed to have no inclination to say anything; or else to be uncertain in what words to clothe it. In truth it was a decidedly unpleasant topic, and her color went and came.

"I would not mention it, Edward, if I were not obliged; if I did not fear consequences for you now you have come home," she began. "It has been weighing me down a long, long while, and I have had to bear it, saying nothing."

"Has some private debt turned up against me?" he cried hastily. "I thought I had not one out in the European world. I'll settle it to-morrow, Sara, whatever it may be."

"It is not debt at all. It is—"

Sara stopped, partly with emotion, partly from her excessive reluctance to approach the topic. Should it prove to be altogether some mistake, a feeling of shame would rest upon her for having whispered it.

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"I must go on if I am to tell you," she resumed, rallying her courage. "Did you ever—before you went out—marry anybody?"

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"If she had?" repeated Sara. "Do you forget the charge?"

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His open countenance, the utter absence of all symptom of fear, the cool manner in which he stated it, caused Sara Darnall to breathe a sigh of relief. Half her doubts had vanished.

"The strange thing is, why she should make the charge. Why she should say she was your wife. It was not done to extort money, for she has never asked for a farthing. She said papa knew of the marriage."

"Did she?" was the remark, delivered lightly.

"Did she tell all this to you?"

"Not to me. I have never spoken to her; I told you so. What I have learnt, I learnt through Neal."

Captain Darnall passed in reflection.

"Who knows but that gentleman may be at the bottom of it?" he said at length. "If he does—don't—I don't say he does, I say if he does—he might get up this tale."

"And his motive?" returned Sara, not agreeing with the proposition.

"Nay, I don't know."

"But Neal did not come forward with the tale. It was in consequence of what I accidentally heard her say that I questioned Neal; and I was very great reluctance he would answer me. I heard Neal tell her, apparently in answer to a question, that there was no doubt Captain Darnall was married; that he had married a Miss Reid, an heiress. She replied that she would have satisfaction, no matter what punishment it brought him (you) to."

"And Neal afterwards assured you that she was Captain Darnall's wife?"

"Neal assured me that she said she was. Neal himself said he did not believe her to be so; he thought there must be some mistake. She declared she had been married to you nearly a twelvemonth before you quitted Europe, and that Dr. Darnall knew of it."

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"Edward, I confess to you that I never so much as thought of its not being true in that first moment! I think fear must have taken possession of me and overpowered my judgment."

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"And you have seen her here since, at the house?"

"Occasionally. She has never been troublesome. She has come apparently to say a word or two to Neal. I have never questioned him upon the visit: I have dreaded the subject too much. Only yesterday I saw Neal speaking with her at the corner of the street."

"Well, Sara, I shall lift this."

"She lifted her head. 'Yes?'"

"I shall. It would not have been pleasant had the rumor reached the ears of my wife."

He walked to the window and stood there a moment or two, a flush upon his face, a frown upon his brow. When he turned round again he was laughing.

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"She'd have taken it for granted it was true. Had anybody told her in the old days that I had married sixteen wives, or set the town on fire with a purposely-lighted torch, Aunt Bett would have believed it of me. But, Sara, I am surprised at you."

She glanced at him with a faint smile. Not liking to say that the dreadful business, the secret of that past night, which had no doubt helped to send Dr. Darnall to his grave, had at the time somewhat shaken her faith in her gallant brother. But for that terrible blow, she had never given a moment's credit to this.

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The Davenport Brothers.

THEIR PERFORMANCES IN ENGLAND—LETTER FROM
THEIR ASSOCIATE, MR. DION BOUCHICAT.

The following letter from Dion Bouchicat, describing the performances of the Davenport Brothers at his house in London, appears in the London Daily News of October 18:

To the Editor of the Daily News:
Sir.—A letter by the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay took place in my house yesterday in the presence of Lord Bury, Mr. Charles Nichols, Mr. John Gardner, Mr. G. L. L. W. Wyke, Rev. E. H. Newman, Rev. W. Ellis, Captain E. A. Ingfield, Messrs. Charles Budge, James Matthews, Alexander Berwick, L. Wilton, H. E. Ormond, J. W. Kay, J. A. Bostock, H. J. Riddout, Robert Bell, J. N. Mangin, H. M. Dunphy, W. Tyler Smith, M. D. T. L. Coward, John Brown, M. D. Robert Chambers, and Dion Bouchicat.

The room in which the meeting was held is a large drawing-room, from which all the furniture had been previously removed, excepting the carpet, a chandelier, a small table, a sofa, a pedestal, and twenty-six cane-bottomed chairs. At two o'clock six of the above party arrived, and the room was subjected to careful scrutiny. It was suggested that a cabinet be used by the Brothers Davenport, but then, as it was in an adjacent room, should be removed into the front room, and placed in a spot selected by ourselves. This was done by our party, but in the process we displaced a portion of the furniture, thus enabling us to examine the material and structure before we reached it.

At three o'clock our party was fully assembled, and continued the scrutiny. We went to a neighboring music-seller for six guitars and two tamborines, so that the implements to be used should not be those with which the operators were familiar. At half-past three the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay arrived, and found that we had altered their arrangements, by changing the room which they had previously selected for their manifestations. The scene then began by an examination of the dress and persons of the Brothers Davenport, and it was certified that no apparatus or other contrivance was concealed on or about their persons. They entered the cabinet, and sat facing each other. Captain Ingfield then, with a new rope provided by ourselves, tied Mr. W. Davenport hand and foot, with his hands behind his back, and then bound him firmly to the seat where he sat. Lord Bury, in like manner, secured Mr. I. Davenport. The knots of these ligatures were then fastened with sealing-wax, and a seal was affixed. A guitar, violin, tamborine, two bells, and a brass trumpet, were placed on the floor of the cabinet. The doors were then closed, and a sufficient light was permitted in the room to enable us to see what followed. I shall omit any detailed account of the Babel of sounds which arose in the cabinet, and the violence with which the doors were repeatedly burst open, and the instruments expelled; the hands appearing, as usual, at a lounge-shaped orifice in the centre door of the cabinet.

The following incidents seem to us particularly worthy of note:
While Lord Bury was stooping inside the cabinet, the door being open, and the two operators seem to be sealed and bound, a detached hand was clearly observed to descend upon him, and he started back, remarking that a hand had struck him. Again, in the full light of the gas chandelier, and during an interval in the scene, the doors of the cabinet being open, and while the ligatures of the Brothers Davenport were being examined, a very white, thin female hand and wrist quivered for several seconds in the air above. This appearance drew a general exclamation from all the party. Mr. Charles Wyke now entered the cabinet, and sat between the two young men—his hands being right and left on each, and secured to them. The doors were then closed, and the Babel of sound recommenced. Several hands appeared at the orifice—among them the hands of a child. After a space Mr. Charles returned amongst us and stated that while he held the two brothers several hands touched his face and pulled his hair; the instruments at his feet crept up, played round his body and over his head—one of them lodging eventually on his shoulders. During the foregoing incidents the hands which appeared were touched and grasped by Captain Ingfield, and he stated that to the touch they were apparently human hands, though they passed away from his grasp.

I omit mentioning other phenomena; an account of which has already been rendered elsewhere.

The next part of the scene was performed in the dark. One of the Messrs. Davenport and Mr. Fay seated themselves amongst us. Two ropes were thrown at their feet, and in two minutes and a half they were found tied hand and foot, their hands behind their backs, bound tightly to their chairs, and their chairs bound to an adjacent table. While this process was going on the guitar rose from the table and swung or floated round the room and over the heads of the party, and slightly touching some. Now a phosphoric light shot from side to side over our heads; the laps and hands and shoulders of several were simultaneously touched, struck or patted by hands, the guitar meanwhile sailing round the room, now near the ceiling, and then settling on the head and shoulders of some luckless wight. The bells whirled here and there, and a light drumming was maintained on the violin. The two tamborines seemed to roll hither and thither on the floor, now shaking it violently, and now visiting the knees and hands of our circle—all these foregoing actions, audible or tangible, being simultaneous. Mr. Riddout, holding a tamborine, requested it might be plucked from his hand; it was almost instantaneously taken from him. At the same time Lord Bury made a similar request, and a forcible attempt to pluck a tamborine from his grasp was made, which he resisted.

Mr. Fay then asked that his coat should be removed. We heard instantly a violent twirl; and here occurred the most remarkable fact. A light was struck before the coat had quite left Mr. Fay's person, and it was seen quivering, plucked off him upwards. It flew up to the chandelier, where hanging for a moment, and then fell to the ground. Mr. Fay was seen meanwhile bound hand and foot as before. One of our party now directed himself to his coat, and it was placed on the table. The light was extinguished, and this coat was rushed on to Mr. Fay's back with equal rapidity.

During the above occurrences in the dark we placed a sheet of paper under the feet of these two operators, and drew with it pencil in our own hands, and in the end that if they moved

it might be detected. They, of their own accord, offered to have their hands filled with flour, or any other similar substance, to prove they made no use of them, but this proposition was deemed unnecessary; we required them, however, to count from 1 to 25 repeatedly, that their voices, instantly heard, might certify to us that they were in the places where they were tied. Each of our own party held his neighbor firmly, as they could move without two adjacent neighbors being aware of it.

At the termination of this scene a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should secure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely admit in the society in which they moved, that so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of jugglery. This suggestion was promptly accepted by all present.

Before leaving this question, in which my name has accidentally become mixed up, I may be permitted to observe that I have no belief in what is called spiritualism, and nothing I have seen induces me to believe in it—indeed, the purity of some of the demonstrations would sufficiently allude such a theory; but I do believe that we have not quite explored the realm of natural philosophy—that this enterprise of thought has of late years been confined to useful inventions, and we are content of last to think that the laws of nature are finite, unchangeable, and limited to the scope of our knowledge. A very great number of worthy persons seeing such phenomena as I have detailed, ascribe them to supernatural agency; others wander around the subject in doubt; but as it engages seriously the feeling and earnest thought of so large a number in Europe and America—is it a subject which scientific men are justified in treating with the neglect of contempt?

Some persons think that the requirement of darkness seems to infer trickery. Is not a dark chamber essential in the process of photography? And what would we reply to him who should say: "I believe photography to be a humbug; do it all in the light, and I will believe otherwise, and not till then?" It is true that we know why darkness is necessary to the production of the sun picture; and if scientific men will subject these phenomena to analysis, we shall find out why darkness is essential to such manifestations.

I am, Sir,
220 Regent Street, Oct. 12.

Talks About Health.

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six.

Women put on their four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more—then, over all, thick, padded furs, while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-bump, my heart goes bumpety-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you can't do your legs and feet that the blood can't go down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So they go bumpety-bump, and so they must get, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lycrums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather men may wear, in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat."

My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of warm woolen drawers, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot-bath.

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rubber cemented upon the boot sole will do much to keep the bottoms of our feet dry and warm.—*Dr. Lewis, M. D.*

THE CHARIOTRIPPOSCOPIC.—This is an improved optical instrument, invented by Mr. Treppost, the ingenious manufacturer of philosophical apparatus. This new device embodies improvements in the construction and application of the well-known kaleidoscope, the idea of Sir David Brewster, by whom it was perfected in 1817. In the latter, however, the beautiful forms produced are uncertain and temporary; but in this new form of the Chariotripposcopic, the effects are entirely under the control of the operator, who is thus enabled to produce, in relief, delicate and simple, or gorgeous and elaborate, patterns, as fancy and taste may suggest. It is claimed that this instrument may be most advantageously employed in designing patterns for silks, carpets, architectural mouldings, jewelry, iron-work, &c.

"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible one of mine?" "Drive him in a salt of shepherd's staff!" was the reply. "We go so doing you will keep him in check?"

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

In a quiet street of the Marais—where in the sleepy hollow of Paris—lived a retired tradesman who had accumulated a respectable competency of fortune, say \$20,000, by selling sugar-moulds. He had one child, a daughter, who had grown up to the age of twenty-two. On the same floor with him and his family lived a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, with dusky black eyebrows, and a pair of blue eyes such as an artist would value for innocence or hope without. He dressed well, too. The two neighbors met every day on the staircase. By-and-by they loved when they met. One day a little incident occurred which led to conversation, this superinduced something else, which in turn brought to pass something else still, until the concentration of circumstances ended in seeing the young man introduced into the drawing-room of the retired sugar-mould dealer. Acquaintance gradually ripened into a sort of intimacy around the table where draughts and dominoes and backgammon were played, especially on the young man (though undoubtedly first of all their husbands' games) contrived never to win a cent, but left some of his money in the hands of his hosts. The husband of the house, accustomed to see no other young man, soon became touched by her young neighbor, and the parents were not averse from a marriage between them. Nevertheless the subject had never been broached, until one evening the young man forgot behind him several letters, which seemed to have slipped from his pocket. The family read these letters. You may judge the contents of them all by one of them:

"Toulon, June 18, 1864.
"My Dear Nephew.—I did not send you to Paris for you to be guilty of nonsense. Your last letters are filled with the details of a petty romance, which I dare say boarding-school girls would deem very touching, you have begun to read with a little girl named Celeste. I am no boarding-school girl, and I do not fancy nonsense. I have not laid up \$200,000 by Indian voyages these twenty years gone to see my nephew and only heir with his aristocratic appearance and name carry a Mlle. Celeste, the daughter of a dealer in sugar-moulds. Do not mention that girl's name to me again, or I shall be very angry with you. Remember that I am to you just what my poor brother that is dead and gone was—your father; and as you well know, would never have allowed you to be guilty of any such stupid proceeding.
"Your affectionate uncle,
"GEOFFREY DE K—."

The next morning the young fellow (his name was Ernest) returned, apparently very uneasy. He said he had left some letters behind him, he believed, there, and inquired if they had seen them. The sugar-mould dealer confessed his indiscretion, and bade Ernest break relations with them, as it was evident from these letters that he could never marry Celeste. This summons seemed to throw the young man into deep despair. He replied: "Wait a little longer, and I will endeavor to change my uncle's resolution, for I feel that if I do not I shall die." The sugar-mould dealer said: "I will wait; for the truth was, he desired to marry his daughter to the young man, who seemed to possess every quality that a reasonable father-in-law could ask for in a son. Several weeks passed away, when one morning Ernest ran joyously into his neighbor's drawing-room, holding in his hand a letter post-marked Toulon, and from the uncle who came to hear shipwrecking his happiness. The letter ran:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW.—As far as your marriage is concerned, do as you please. I only wished to test your affection and to be sure that your sentiments for Mlle. Celeste were no caprice but real love. Time has proved your affection to be sincere. Marry her. I do not know whether my good will allow me to go up to Paris for your wedding; but at all events I shall engage one of my friends to give you everything necessary to enable you to marry yourself decently. If I am unable to go up to Paris to your wedding, you must spend your honeymoon here. To see you happy will rejoice me."

This letter satisfied Celeste's father, and the wedding-day was fixed. Ernest refused to have a marriage-contract; he wanted everything he had to belong to his wife. Celeste's father-in-law went several times with Eugene to the notary who had the money sent up to the Toulon uncle, but he was discreet enough to remain at the door outside while his future son-in-law was transacting business. At last all the "papers" required by the French law were received; the certificate of birth here an honorable name. The banns were published at the mayor's office and church, and the wedding-feast ordered. Everything was ready—but the uncle wrote that he had such a violent attack of the gout that it was utterly impossible for him to leave his chamber. It became necessary to dispense with the uncle's presence. Misfortune never comes alone! On the wedding-day Ernest experienced additional ill-luck: his two groomsmen and his tailor disappointed him; but as the tailor was one of the great tailors of Paris, who are always overwhelmed with work, and of course cannot be expected to be punctual—besides have not all tailors a charter which enables them to accompany all of their promises with a mental reservation? At the last moment the clothes came; the absent groomsmen's places were taken by kinsmen of the bride. They went to the mayor's office and to the church; the civil and ecclesiastical "yes" were uttered by both parties; mayor and priest proclaimed them man and wife. Then the marriage-feast was spread in a restaurant on the boulevard, which was followed by a ball. Although it was midnight when the bride pair retired, the husband was such an active, industrious fellow that by six o'clock in the morning he was dressed and out "Attending to important business for his uncle at Toulon." At nine o'clock the mantua-maker called to present her bill for the wedding-dresses. Celeste's mother went to the drawer where she had laid the money for all the wedding expenses—not a cent could she find there. She asked her husband to go into the bridal-chamber across landing to get Ernest to lend her the money, to avoid making the mantua-maker return. He found Ernest had gone out, and poor Celeste over head and ears in bills sent in by the tradesman from whom Ernest had bought the wedding-presents, and among them was one bill of which she could make nothing; it was a bill from an old clothes-dealer for the "loan of a wedding-suit." As Ernest could not be gone long, all inquiries were postponed for the present; but twelve o'clock came without bringing Ernest. One o'clock—no Ernest. Two o'clock—no Ernest. You may imagine how Celeste wept! Three o'clock—no Ernest; but it brought an old friend of the family

who had just returned—celebratedly transgressed seven hours too late—that Ernest was a thief, of course, who had been sent to the hospital for surgery and medicine; that he had that morning drawn all his wife's money, and had taken the Havre steamer for Normandy. It was he who had robbed his father-in-law's house before the family wakened. He carried off some \$75,000 or \$80,000 in gold with him. But has been brought by the family to stand the marriage, and in the course of the trial all the above facts came out in evidence. The uncle at Toulon was a thief of heavy man, who, for \$1,000 had played a part in the comedy.

Reveries for Girls.

It is when we begin to examine the subjects of the exercises which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases until the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys; there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced also by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important agent of health; yet the idea of making-up provision for its employment—namely, the idea of contemplating it at all—seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two with the thirds and single form of exercise that appears over to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable. Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? It is strange that so few grow to womanhood healthy or graceful? Is it not rather matter of wonder that any should do so at all? It may be objected that a larger allowance of play would too greatly interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could this not afford to be reduced? Are there none of the studies which could be dispensed with, or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two and even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool practicing music, good for either mind or body—extended too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding pleasure in it from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labor? Would the loss be great if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board—the highest attainable aim in the majority of instances being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the words of another person? Where there is indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is, doubtless, great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement, and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but, where there is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positively cruel?—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

IN the City Hall at Lunenburg, Hanover, is a monument to a pig—a glass case, enclosing a ham, still in good preservation. A slab of black marble attracts the eye of visitors, who find thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passer-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Lunenburg."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is firm but quiet. Sales of 16,000 bbls at \$2.75@3.00 for low grade and good superfine, \$10.75@11.25 for extra, \$11.00@11.50 for extra family, and \$11.50@12.00 for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with small sales of the former at \$2.25@2.50. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are reported at \$2.75@3.00 the 100 lbs, as in quality.

GRAIN.—Wheat in slowly and what has been in fair request and firm, with sales of 45,000 bush, mostly at \$2.50@2.75 for Pennsylvania and Western, \$2.55@2.65 for Southern, and \$2.70 to \$2.85 for white, as in quality. Rye is selling at \$1.50@1.75 for Southern and Pennsylvania. Corn—About 30,000 bush yellow sold at \$1.70@1.75. Oats—\$1.50@1.60 sold at \$1.50@1.60 for Southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—Stocks are very much reduced, and the market firm, at \$2.25@2.50 for New York, and \$2.00@2.25 for country and other brands. Bacon—Sales at 12 1/2c for long hams, 10c for shoulders, and 11 1/2c for ribs. Green Meats are firm at 10c for shoulders, and 9c for ribs and loins in salt and pickle. Lard is active at 22 1/2c. Butter—Well selling at 16 1/2c, the latter for prime; packed at 15 1/2c for fair to good, and 14 1/2c for good and fine grades. Cheese is moving off at 15c for Western and New York State. Eggs are worth 14 1/2c.

COTTON is more active. Sales of 200 bales at \$1.00@1.05, cash, for low and good middling. BARK comes in slowly; about 120 hds have been disposed of at \$45 for No 1 in liquidation. Tanners' Bark is money and high. BREWERY.—City brew is held at 75c @ 76c. COAL.—The market is rather more active, and prices range at \$6.50 @ 7.00 on board at Richmond.

COFFEE.—Sales 1,700 bags taken in lots at 40c@47c for Rio and 42c@46c for Laguayra. COPPER.—Yellow Metal at 50c @ 51c, cash. FEATHERS are held at 60c@70c @ 75c. FRUIT.—Market firm at \$2.50 for Green Apples and \$1.50@1.75 for Cranberries. Dried Apples are selling at 5c@10c. Unpacked Prunes are higher and active; 50,000 lbs per quart sold at 17 1/2c. Pared Peaches are selling at 25c @ 30c @ 35c. HOPS are selling at 40c@45c for new, and 35c@40c for old.

IRON.—The better feeling noticed in this staple commodity, with more inquiry both for Pig and Manufactured Iron to date. We quote Forge at \$35 @ 37, and Foundry at \$30@35 @ 38, cash. LUMBER.—The arrivals and sales are light. White Pine Boards are selling slowly at \$20@21; Yellow pine do, \$21@22, and Lath Hemlock at \$20@21 @ 22.

PLASTER is unsettled and rather lower. RICE is firm at 12 1/2c @ 13c @ 14c for Best India. SEEDS.—There is a steady demand for Cloverseed. New seed is taken at \$12@12.50 @ 13c, but the latter for prime. Timothy is dull at \$2.75@2.85. SPIRITS.—There is little doing in Brandy and Old N. F. Rum selling slowly at \$7.15. Whiskey is dull at \$1.75@1.85 for Pennsylvania and Western, and \$1.70@1.75 for druggists. SUGARS have been more active. 1,500 hds sold, mostly Cuba, at 15 1/2c @ 16c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is firmer, with sale of city at 17 1/2c @ 18c. WOOL is firmer and rather more active. Sales 120,000 lbs at 20c @ 21c, mostly at 21c @ 21.50 for fine and coarse, and \$1.10@1.15 for tub, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 200 head. The prices realized from \$2 to \$4.50 @ 5.00 per head. The latter was from 7 1/2c @ 8 1/2c @ 9c. Steers—About 100 head were disposed of at from 7 1/2c @ 8 1/2c @ 9c. 75 Cows brought from \$2 to 7 1/2c @ 8c.

"Oh, dear, yes. I have done nothing a long while but think of him as writing to you, sir, and only if you would send in my behalf to Westworth, and make him allow me more, or else let me go out to him in India."

"Then, I said, it might not be wise in her, but she could not help herself."

"I once accidentally heard a conversation of years with Neal. You were speaking of this gentleman, Captain Darnall; it was the very day that we had heard news of his marriage with Miss Field. I remember you said something to the effect that you would have satisfaction, even what punishment it would be to him. Did you allude to your husband?"

"Yes, I did," the girl replied. "And I hope he will be punished yet. I remember the day, too. I had had a letter that morning from one of the women who went with the regiment, a soldier's wife; she spoke of my husband in a way that vexed me; and she said, outside other news, that their Captain—Captain Darnall—had just got married. The letter put me up to think that perhaps Captain Darnall could do some good, for me with my husband, and I came off at once to Neal and asked him. Neal said he should not trouble Captain Darnall with anything of the sort; and the answer made me angry, and I reminded Mr. Neal that I could say one or two things about him that might not be pleasant, if I chose to be distressed; and at last he promised to send a letter for me to Captain Darnall, unopened in one from himself, if I liked to write and state the case. I remember quite well saying that I could have satisfaction somehow, no matter what the punishment to my husband. Did my letters ever reach you sir? I wrote two or three."

"Never."

"Like enough Neal never sent them," she exclaimed with an angry tone. "He said he did; and I have been always asking him whether he received no answer for me."

"Is Neal your uncle, Mrs. Westworth?"

"I call him so sometimes, sir, when I want to be pleasant with him, but in point of fact he is no real relation. My step-mother is his sister; and that makes him a sort of uncle-in-law."

"And you have now—excuse my pressing the question, Mrs. Neal—reason to suppose that you were ever married to any one except Sergeant Westworth?" resumed Captain Darnall.

"Never in my life, sir," she replied, and her accent of truth was unmistakable. "Say to Neal that I was married to anybody else! What for? It would be childish to say it; he knows quite well that I am Sergeant Westworth's wife."

The falsehood then had been Neal's! Captain Darnall glanced at Sara. But the sergeant's wife spoke again.

"Could you interest yourself for me with Westworth, sir?"

"Ah, I don't know. It is a ticklish thing, you see, to interfere between man and wife, added the captain, a jesting smile upon his lips. "How does the old proverb run?—'that any man who does, gets his teeth drawn by both parties, the upper one by the wife, and the lower one by the husband.' What is your grievance against Westworth?"

Mrs. Westworth entered on her grievance; a whole sentence. She required that her husband should, and for her to be with him in India, or else that he should make her a better allowance, so that she could live "as a lady." She knew he got plenty of prize money she said, for she had been told so; and she finished up with stating that she had been to the War Office, and to half a dozen other offices, to complain of him, and should get no redress.

"Well," said Captain Darnall. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write to Sergeant Westworth—a man for whom I have great respect—and inquire his version of the quarrel between you. We should always hear both sides of a question you know, Mrs. Westworth. When I get his answer, you shall hear from me. To be candid with you, I must say that I don't think Westworth is one to allow of much interference. He has good judgment, and he likes to exercise it."

"But I will write to him."

"And you'll promise to see me again, sir, in spite of Neal? What his objection was, I don't know, but he did all he could to prevent my seeing you."

"I don't think you need fear Neal's prevention for the future in regard to seeing me," said Captain Darnall, in a significant tone, as he civilly bowed out Mrs. Westworth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Paper Mattresses and Pillows. These mattresses, when well made, serve as admirable bedding for the sick and infirm among the poor, who have often nothing better than sacks filled with shavings to lie upon. They should be made thus:—The paper must be torn up into a basket which will not tip over. It must first of all be folded, and then be torn towards one's self, in the same, into strips; each strip should be torn into bits no longer than half a postage stamp. One thing is necessary to be observed in this part of the work—the paper must never be torn double, and each bit must drop separately into the basket. There will be lumps for ever in the pillow or bedding should you neglect this caution. I have found out to my cost that, though you may shake the basket of bits, when they are thrown in double together they don't divide, and you put lumps into the case of linen or ticking, or whatever you prefer for the same pillow or mattress. No bits with sealings or gum upon them, such as some portions of an envelope, should ever be dropped in; neither any colored paper, because pillows are now and then used in their state by the manufacturer, in the same way as arsenic is employed in the coloring of green muslin. I have been told by a good authority in the matter that newspaper stuff is healthy, on account of printers' ink being peculiarly wholesome. For my own part I should prefer a pillow or mattress made of one sort of paper, either all newspaper and printed forms, such as circulars and clean old book sheets, or better paper. Your friends might tear up their letters which they do not wish to preserve, and contribute with advantage to your waste-paper basket.—*Once a Week.*

A regiment of soldiers passed through Covington, Ky., a few days ago, the members of which were worth \$1,000,000, when our currency was at a par value with gold. It was the One Hundred and Seventeenth United States (colored) Regiment.

A Parisian advertisement photographs giving to the physiognomy the effect of the full moon shining on the face. He says the effect on the same person is remarkable. There is no doubt of it.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Lady with the Wooden Leg.
On the fourth day, Lee was retained for the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage. When the lady was brought in, he inquired whether the lady for whose injury he was to seek redress was good-looking.

"Very handsome indeed, sir" was the answer of Helen's attorney.

"Then, sir," replied Lee, "I beg you will request her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen."

The attorney promised compliance, and the lady, in accordance with Lee's wish, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to make with great warmth on the "dear, beautiful creature" which had been seated beside the "lovely and confiding female" before him, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell which Lee had conjured the jury, by observing that his learned friend, in describing the person and beauty of the plaintiff, had not mentioned one fact, namely, that the lady had a wooden leg! The court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee, who was ignorant of the circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the instance that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant.

Fashionable Call.

Enter Miss Lucy, nearly out of breath with the exertion of walking from her papa's carriage in the street to the door of her friend.

Lucy.—Oh, Marie! how do you do!—How delighted I am to see you! How have you been since you were at the ball last Thursday evening? Wasn't the appearance of that tall girl in pink perfectly frightful? Is this your shawl on the piano? Beautiful shawl! Father says he is going to send to Paris to get me a shawl in the spring. I can't bear homemade shawls! How do you like Monsieur Knappe? Beautiful man, isn't he? Now don't laugh, Marie, for I am sure I don't care anything about him! Oh, my! I must be going!—It's a beautiful day, isn't it? Marie, when are you coming up to see me? Oh, dear! what a beautiful pin! That pin was given to you; now I know it was, Marie; don't deny it. Harry is coming up to see me this evening, but I hate him—I do really; but he has a beautiful moustache, hasn't he, Marie? Oh, dear, it's very warm. Good-morning, Marie! Don't speak of Harry in connection with my name to any one; for I am sure it will never amount to anything, but I hate him awfully—I'm sure I do. Adieu.

A Settler.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituent," came into conversation with an ancient "Yankee" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teacher came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked: "Wa'al, master, what do you think he learnt the schoolmaster?" "Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was round, and went around; and all that sort of thing. Now, master, what do you think about such stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant fellow?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked: "It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things." "Wa'al," says she, "if the airth is round, and goes round, what holds it up?" "Oh, these learned men say that it is kept up by the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction." The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded: "Wa'al, if these high learn't men see the sun holds up the airth, I should like to know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down?"

A Notice.

The following parties are respectfully requested to attend either of the series of Popular Lectures to be given in the city the ensuing winter:

- The man with creaking boots.
- The woman with the cough.
- The man who sees a friend and desires to sit beside him.
- The man who insists upon procuring a better seat for the ladies under his escort.
- The woman who cannot refrain from audible criticism on the looks of the lecturer.
- The man who eats post-nuts.
- The man who laughs in the wrong place.
- The man who is invariably late minutes late.
- The young woman who goes invariably to see the lecture.
- The man who invariably has to go out five minutes before the termination of the lecture.
- The man who continues to read his evening paper during the entire lecture.

Ox of the curious facts noticed by naturalists is, that the animals and vegetables of the Old World supplant those of the New. According to Darwin's theory, this is to be attributed to the longer period during which the dominion of the Old World have been engaged in the struggle for life, and the consequent vigor acquired by them. European weeds have established themselves abundantly in North America and Australia. The rapid propagation of European animals is no less remarkable. The pigs which Capt. Cook left at New Zealand have increased so largely that they monopolize vast tracts of the country, and are killed at six pence per tail. Not only are they obnoxious by occupying the ground which the sheep farmer needs for his flock, but they continually follow the ewes when lambling, and devour the poor lamb as soon as they make their appearance. Another interesting fact is the appearance of the Norway rat. It has thoroughly exterminated the native rat, and is to be found everywhere growing to a very large size. The European mouse follows closely, and, what is more surprising, where it makes its appearance, it drives, to a great degree, the Norwegian rat away. The European house-fly is another importation—repels the blue bottle of New Zealand, which seems to share its company.

Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a French essayist, who told him that he had passed three winter days, at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ———, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.



OLD LADY.—"Are you not afraid of getting drowned when you have the boat so full?"
BOATMAN.—"Oh, dear, no, mum. I always wears a life belt, so I'm safe enough."

Fattening an Alligator.

They keep alligators and tame them in Sumatra. The strange manner in which they are treated, just as if they were human beings, will be observed in this extract:—

"A man who acted as servant to theultan was seized from the town, and as such an incident occasionally happened, it was supposed that he had been caught and eaten by an alligator whilst bathing in the river. A report to this effect soon reached the ears of the sultan, his majesty summoned the three keepers of his alligators, named Raguntang, Bockupa, and Samati, and before a large concourse of people complained to them that one of their children, as the natives term them, had killed a subject of his. The keepers expressed great regret at this breach of good conduct on the part of one of their charges. 'But, Tugawoo, (my lord), they added, rising to take leave, 'rest assured full vengeance shall be taken upon the offender.' Raguntang, Bockupa, and Samati accordingly wended their way to the river side, on reaching which they stopped at the spot where they were accustomed to feed the alligators. As these immense reptiles names were called they responded to the summons in such numbers that the water, for and near seemed covered with them. Although they looked like beams of wood closely packed together, the sharp-eyed keepers perceived the absence of one of them. 'There is one missing—Bosser where is he?' said Samati. A slight movement of the water was seen, and the culprit rose ashore, and timidly took his place. 'You it who are guilty,' said Bockupa; 'come forth and receive the due punishment for thy crime. You have killed one of the king's own subjects; and therefore here, in the sight of thy brothers and sisters, thou must expiate this dire offence. Hast thou ought to say in thy defense?' The alligator lowered his head in silence, in acknowledgment of his guilt. 'Samati,' cried Raguntang, 'in a loud voice, 'cut off the fore feet of this vile wretch, and then chop his body into a thousand pieces.' Samati, who appeared to have been a sort of Calorist in his relation to the alligators, immediately obeyed; and when the merciless sentence had been executed, the pieces of the alligator's body were carefully collected and thrown into the river to be food for the fishes."

AGRICULTURAL.

MANURING AND APPLYING MANURES.

The following is the summary of the discussions at the last State Fair at Utica, N. Y., as prepared by Mr. Conger. It is worthy of careful study:

1. Where sufficient manure has been received for arable lands, barnyard manure may be spread upon pastures and meadows under the following restrictions:—
 - a. If spread early in the spring on pastures designed for immediate use, it should not be of the droppings of that species of domestic animals intended to be placed in the pastures.
 - b. It should never be spread upon meadows in the spring, as the coarse parts will be caught by the hay-rake, and mixed with the hay, imparting to it a musty smell, if not tainting it and poisoning it with fungus.
 - c. It may be evenly spread on meadows at any time after harvest, and lightly harrowed or hushed, especially if the after-math is heavy, so that the grass may not be smothered.
 - d. The weather should indicate the absence of high winds, the approach of moderate rains, or the presence of copious dews, so that the ammoniacal portion of the manure may not be lost.
 - e. On rapidly sloping land, a heavier top-dressing should be applied near the summit, unless furrows such as are necessary in irrigation are made, so as to prevent the manure being washed with heavy rains to the bottom.
 - f. In winter no manure should be spread on either pastures or meadows when hard frosts, even when most of the atmospheric conditions above alluded to are present, unless the surface is, or soon will be, covered with snow, and then only on ground either level or gently rolling, so that in case of a thaw the melting snows may not render the distribution of the manure comparatively useless.
2. Under a system of rotation of crops, as supposed in the question, the manuring of manures is indispensable to thrift in farming, and is to be regulated according to the supply of labor and the method of feeding adopted.
3. On farms whose principal staple is grain, the amount of straw is not unfrequently in excess of the feeding material required, and in such case it is necessary to spread it profitably over the barnyard, that it may be trodden down by cattle and sheep and mixed with their droppings. In such cases it is sufficient that the

barnyard should be ditched or provided with one or more tanks for the holding of the draining of the man; that fermentation should be allowed to proceed until the straw is disintegrated sufficiently either to turn the man into heaps (into which the liquid contents of the tanks are to be conveyed by pumps and troughs), or drawn out into the fields for spring and fall crops—of which method, as generally in all departments of the farm service, the labor that can be applied is the determining factor.

4. When from the scarcity of straw upon a farm, its high price in neighboring markets, or its being an element of food prepared for stock, it is necessary to economize its use, the system of box or stall feeding is to be resorted to, and the husbanding of manures is determined as the feeding is either of animals to be fattened or reared.

5. In the former case neat cattle may be placed in boxes not less than eight by ten feet, the bottoms slightly ditched with a view to drainage, or being filled with muck or other absorbent, and the animals watered with slight additions of cut straw as litter, so as to prevent the loss of heat and other cutaneous affections, (which proceed from the heating of straw if too liberally supplied), and the whole mass of droppings, etc., left until removed to the fields.

6. In the latter case, that of rearing young animals, a like method may be pursued; but if their value will admit of a greater regard being paid to cleanliness, etc., the box should have a slatted floor of oak or other durable strips one and a half inch thick, three inches wide, and one-half inch apart over a paved, clayed, or cemented floor, and inclined so as to carry the drainage of the box into gutters leading to a tank, and the manure removed as often at least as once in six weeks, placed under cover of a roof, either permanent, or of boards battened, turning on pins and moved by a long lever as in sheds for drying brick, the liquid manure, (if not used separately,) being pumped from the tank and conveyed by troughs over the manure, so as to prevent its fangling. If used separately the sheds are to be opened to occasional rains for the same purpose.

7. The manure from animals stabled in the ordinary way is to be treated as last above described. And it is desirable that the manure shed should be constructed with access to it from a level below that on which the manure may be deposited, so that in winter the manure may be carted out upon lands ploughed in the fall, the fresh masses placed on top preserving those underlying from being thoroughly frozen.

8. When sheep are alone raised they should be kept under sheds with small yards connected therewith, and their droppings may be treated either as in the case of fattening or growing animals, in the discretion of the owner.

9. Where no portion of the manure is designed for top-dressing pastures, that of horses and neat cattle may be advantageously placed under the same cover, their different capacities for developing heat operating favorably against oversteaming.

10. As the value of straw as an article of food, if cut up, mixed with feed thoroughly wetted and allowed to stand in mass for a few hours so as to develop heat, or if steamed, is at its lowest price worth at least twice as much for food as for the manure resulting from its use as litter, where beds of muck or peat exist on a farm they should be ditched, and afterwards pared, so that by the use of these materials, when dried, the straw may be largely used as an article of food, a greater number of animals kept on the farm, greater masses of manure made, and with a material manure valuable than straw as an absorbent and fertilizer, and for the preservation of the droppings of cattle, at a more uniform rate of temperature.—*General Farmer.*

How to Build a Smoke-House.

Is best constructed on a side hill, should be two stories in height, the lower part built of stone or brick, and the upper portion of wood or brick, as is most convenient. Two things are to be guarded against in a smoke-house, viz., fire and rotting. The stone or brick basement, with an iron door on the lower side, provides against the first, and a strong lock upon the upper door makes it all secure. The floor or division between the two rooms should be of roofing, set on edge, several inches apart, to admit the smoke freely, and to retain any meat which may fall from the hooks. Five feet in height is sufficient for stock stored beyond the pitched roof. The meat portion is entered by a door upon the upper side of the hill, and cross timbers, filled with strong nails or hooks, are provided for hanging up the hams, beef, tongue, &c. The whole inside to the peak may thus be filled with meat, to which even the person tending the fire need have no access. Of course the lower part needs no floor. Six feet square is a good size for a building.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

PORTSMOUTH CREAM.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, four of flour, one of milk, four eggs, one small teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar, one teaspoon essence of lemon.

COFFEE CREAM.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of molasses, one of mace coffee, five of flour, two eggs, one teaspoon of soda—spice to your taste. Fruit added is a great improvement.

TO DRESS RABBIT.—A very effective method of getting rid of those troublesome animals, and one used with great success in India, is to cut cork in thin slices, and having fried it in fat, to place it where they are in the habit of coming. They will greedily devour this, and their death will be certain.—*Julius.*

HOW TO CHOOSE EGGS.—In putting the hands round the egg, and presenting to the light the end which is not covered, it should be transparent. If you can detect some tiny spots, it is not newly laid, but may be very good for all ordinary uses, except boiling soft. If you see a large spot near the shell, it is bad, and should not be used on any account. The white of a newly-laid egg boiled soft is like milk; that of an egg a day old is like rice boiled in milk; and that of an old egg compact, tough, and difficult to digest. A cook ought not to give eggs two or three days old to people who really care for fresh eggs, under the delusion that they will not find any difference; for an amateur will find it out in a moment, not only by the appearance, but also by the taste.—*The Reader.*

HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.—"I do hate to wear flannel under-clothes," said a gentleman friend; "they chafe so." It was in a mixed company that he spoke, but I thought to myself, if I was acquainted with his sister or wife, I'd tell her how to wash the flannels in such manner that they might not chafe. Now flannel is made of animal substance, and is not so easily cleaned as a purely vegetable material; so in our house the flannels invariably form a distinct washing by themselves. Soft water is indispensable. Early in the morning, then, we put on the full wash-bowling to heat, and for one pair of blankets throw in about the size of a walnut, and cut in a bar of hard soap very fine. When the blankets have a spot here or there, which by accident may have received extra soiling, we take a needle and thread and mark it with a couple of stitches, and rub on a little soap, but without this precaution the spot could not be found after the blankets were wet. We then put them down in a tub and pour the contents of the wash-bottle soaping upon them. The tub stands for an hour, or until it is cool enough for the hands, when we rub the before-mentioned spots, "soaks" the blankets, and wring out. The second soaks is prepared as the first, save that only half a bar of soap is required. The third water is clear of soap is required, and is designed to cleanse the blankets of the soap of the preceding water, for soap is not healthy for the skin, and if the third water appears sudsy, we give them a fourth hot water with a squeeze of blue in it, very little, however, or the blankets will be streaky. And now the quicker they are dried the better; it is very disastrous to have rain come on, or have them moved upon, or lie overnight; indeed, I never wash blankets unless the sun smiles upon me when I am about it. In our way of washing, flannels never shrink, and consequently never get "hard," and as we don't rub them, the nap is left on, and they are more comfortable, and wash much longer than when washed in the ordinary way. The colored flannels we put in the tub as we take the white flannels out, having first added a little melted soap; we wash them out right away, as the color will come out by standing. The water must be as hot as the hands can bear, and the soap that is rubbed on about the collar and wrists of flannel shirts, cannot be put on when they are out of the soda, for in many kinds of colored flannel the mark of the soap is left, unless used while the flannel is in the water. Colored flannel does not shrink like white, and for this reason, and that the color is likely to come out, we do not use boiling water. In other respects we go through the same process in washing, save that the temperature of blue is omitted in the last rinsing. In conclusion, sister readers, use flannel plentifully in your households. In this northern climate cotton is a very poor substitute. If people paid out as much for flannel as they do for those homoeopathic sugar pills, the doctors would be all the poorer, and their own homes all the happier.—*American Agriculturist.*

HISTORIC PLAGIARISM.—In Paris, one of the most celebrated actresses of the day has given notice of her intention of bringing a lawsuit against a very youthful rival at a minor theatre, where she accuses of having committed larceny, inasmuch as she has stolen her gestures (see page), appropriating her intentions, in fact, her whole system of acting.

THE RIDDLE.

Geographical Hints.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in Indiana.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in Illinois.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in Florida.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in Georgia.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in North Carolina.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in New York.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in Virginia.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in West Virginia.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a country in Kentucky.
My whole should be the language of every American.
M. W. E.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In cities large, the poet, 'tis said,
Collects my first to purchase bread.
An article my next you'll see,
With Lindsay Murray 'twill agree.
When old Boreas's howl is heard,
The ladies then oft use my third.
My last is a prefix now you've got,
That denotes within or not.
My whole, a person low and mean,
Is shunned by all who've seen. E.V.A.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a current of air.
My second is an exclamation.
My whole is found in every house.
Cincinnati, Ohio. JOE MOORE, JR.

Triple Rhyme.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A verb, meaning to place.
A girl's name.
Strength.
A verb, meaning to embrace.
A white crystalline salt.
My initials, capitals and finals form the names of three numerals.
S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, O.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in young, but not in old.
My 2d is in land, but not in gold.
My 3d is in fast, but not in slow.
My 4th is in bread, but not in dough.
My 5th is in sight, but not in glow.
My 6th is in shield, but not in lance.
My 7th is in cart, but not in dray.
My 8th is in leave, but not in day.
My 9th is in hoe, but not in rake.
My 10th is in gulf, but not in lake.
My 11th is in line, but not in chalk.
My 12th is in speak, but not in talk.
My 13th is in mouth, but not in ear.
My 14th is in month, but not in year.
My whole is the name of a contributor to this paper, and his place of residence.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman had a farm, containing 100 acres, in the form of an ellipse, whose axes are in the ratio of 3 to 5, which he divided in the following manner:—To each of his four sons he gave one of the 4 equal farms similar in form to the original farm, the largest that could be held off within it. To each of his 4 daughters he gave one of the 4 spaces included between the sons' farms and the outside boundary of the farm. And to his wife he gave the space remaining at the centre of the farm between the sons' farms. How many acres did each receive?

WALTER SIVELY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.
An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four horses, A, B, C, and D, engage to build a wall for \$400. While A can build 5 rods, B can build 7, C 8, D 6. When the wall is two-thirds completed, D ceases to work in it, and A, B, and C finish it. How many should each receive? R. G. PATTERSON.
Camargo, Douglas Co., Ill.
An answer is requested.

A Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A speaks the truth 3 times in 4, B 4 times in 5, and C 6 times in 7. Now what is the probability of an event which A and B assert, and C denies? D. E.
Corvill Co., Md.
An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Q If the sun could speak, what would it say to a budding rose? A—You be bloused.
Q Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? A—Kneehigh-mish. A friend suggests that there is one shorter—Billick, the Shoe-bright.
Q What part of speech is a kiss? A—A conjunction. And what form? A lip-tickle Elliptical.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Emily, of Baltimore, Md. RID-
DLE—"Ladies' Friend." DOUBLE REBUS—
Indiana and Florida, (If, Nail, Dorado, Isar,
Alibi, Naled, Alabama.) CHARADE—Jacob,
Jay, Cob.) CHARADE—Tobacco, (Too, Back,
Co.)

Answer to D. Dieffenbach's PROBLEM, published September 24th:—226 acres, 160 perches.
W. Sively, and J. W. Thompson, Centreville, Md.

A subscriber sends the following:—
There can be several answers given to David B. Hart's PROBLEM of September 24th, from which I will select the following:

1894 1895 1896 are the numbers.
or 1894 1895 1896
Answer to S. G. Conger's PROBLEM, Sept. 24th, is:—Ages, 989, 978. Recreativity, 9, 22, 75. The latter answer corresponds with that of the author, excepting the place of the decimal, he gives it thus:—24, 978. One of the other has made a mistake.—Ed. Ripper.